

Men They Couldn't Hang "Dover Lights"

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Waiting for morning on the ferry boat deck 5 miles out
of Calais
Tired and cold and wet to the skin watching the waves
and the spray
Ten years have gone by like the roll of the tide since I
signed for the
merchant marine
Now all I want is dry land and a home in a country that
I've rarely seen
Home, hurry home
To valleys green
And cliffs so tall and so white
Home, hurry home
I can see the lights of Dover through the night
Teachers of England instructed me well, strength
comes from iron and fire
Freedom was won from the barrel of a gun, law comes
from palace and spire
I carried the wealth of this land 'cross the sea till the
ships and the cargoes
grew slack
Now many Jack Tar is washed up in a bar and many
ships will never come back
The ship's bar is closed, there's a gang of fifteen
talking of flags and of
blood
Drunken with fighting the face of John Bull stands for
violence, England and God
Did I dream of a homeland so distantly remembered
Of warmth, work, welfare, peace for all?

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